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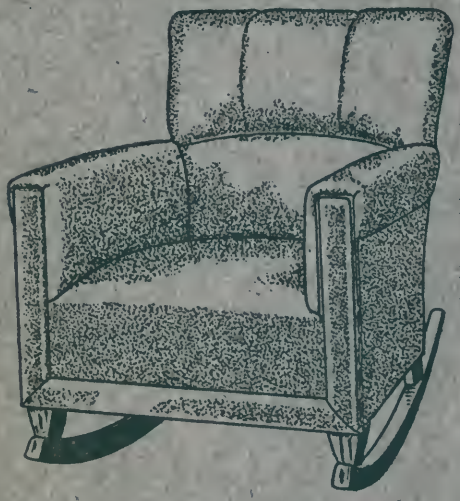
Social Sciences

ACTA VICTORIANA

OCTOBER, 1917



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"War Year" finds *Acta* flourishing.

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE COLLEGE YEAR BY THE UNION LITERARY SOCIETY OF VICTORIA COLLEGE, UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Major T. W. MacDowell Wins Victoria Cross.

Captain (now Major) T. W. MacDowell, of Maitland, Ont., who was awarded the Victoria Cross a few weeks ago "for most conspicuous bravery and indomitable resolution in the face of heavy machine gun and shell fire. By his initiative and courage, this officer, with the assistance of two others, was enabled in the face of great difficulties to capture two machine guns, besides two officers and seventy-five men. Although wounded in the hand, he continued five days to hold the position gained in spite of heavy shell fire until eventually relieved by his battalion. By his bravery he undoubtedly succeeded in rounding up a very strong enemy machine gun post."

Capt. MacDowell graduated from Victoria College in 1915, and has been in France since last November. He is a son of the late Rev. J. V. MacDowell, of the Montreal Conference, and has three brothers serving with the C.E.F., Lieut. C. MacDowell and Lieut. Merrill MacDowell overseas, and Sapper Newell MacDowell in Ottawa.

ACTA VICTORIANA

VOL. XLII. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1917 No. 1

The Chancellor's Message

MORE than ever military things are in evidence around the College. The number of young men, returning or coming up for the first time, will probably be less than it was even last year. It is hoped enough will return, however, to continue the traditions of the College without any serious break. I call on the young men this year to get closer together and to rally around our historic student societies, institutions and customs, that nothing be lost. You owe it to the young men who, at their country's call, have given up their college life, and to the men who in future years will be your successors here to carry down through these distracting years the full content of Victoria's inherited spiritual life.

To the women students I commend the new Women's Student Union in South Hall, trusting that it will prove a source of inspiration, a social centre and the home of the very finest college spirit. The great increase in the number of young women brought the need of this further development of organized life of the College, and the thoughtful generosity of friends and the liberal spirit of the Board made the new enterprise possible.

Although numbers are few, the work done in the College this year should be of the highest quality. There should be no slackness. If in the past three years there has been any relaxation of discipline, let it suffice. This year let earnest devotion to work characterize the whole life of the College.

R. P. Bowles

Victoria Men Killed in Action or Died on Active Service

" . . . The old Ontario strand,
And these grey stones, now consecrate with blood,
Blood of the comrades who ere while have stood
Amongst us here."
Envoi: The Senior Dinner, March 18, 1917.

Corp. Joseph Alburn Bassett, '17.
Flight-Lieut. H. S. Brewster, B.A., '14.
Lieut.-Col. George W. Bruce, B.A., '85, K.C.
Major Warren K. Campbell, '17.
Capt. A. C. M. Cleghorn, M.D., C.M., '92.
Lieut. Gordon W. Crow, B.A., '15, M.C.
Corp. Douglas Dickson.
Capt. Hubert J. Fenton, B.A., '15.
Lieut. Thos. Seton Gordon, B.A., '12.
Lieut. Asa M. Horner, '16.
Lieut. Lincoln George Hutton, B.A., '15.
Lieut. Reginald H. M. Jolliffe, '17.
Private Sidney J. Luck.
Lance-Corp. John G. Lumsden, '16.
Private Aubrey M. Marshall, '19.
Capt. James H. Oldham, B.A., '08, LL.B., '12.
Private Roy Irvine Poast, '18.
Gunner Wm. Percy Richings, '17.
Lieut. Fred G. Scott, B.A., '16.
Second Lieut. Colin Simpson.
Bombardier Ross M. Taylor, '16.
Capt. James S. Wear, '17.
Private Edward A. Webb, '19.
Private W. Kenneth White, '18.
Lieut. W. R. Greene, B.A., '11.
Lieut. C. B. Adams, '16.
Private T. A. McComb, (occasional).
Flt.-Lieut. O. D. Haist, '19.
Sapper H. S. Dowson, '18.

Military Honors Won by Victoria Men

VICTORIA CROSS.

Maj. T. W. MacDowell.

C. M. G.

Brig.-Gen. V. W. Odlum.

D. S. O.

Brig.-Gen. V. W. Odlum, Lieut. J. S. Reid,
Maj. T. W. MacDowell.

D. C. M.

Sgt. M. J. Aikens.

MILITARY CROSS.

Lieut. G. W. Crow (ob.)
Capt. G. M. Smith
Lieut. R. Hodder Williams
Lieut. Nellis Victor Buchanan
Lieut. George Dundas
Capt. H. B. Jeffs
Lieut. J. A. Langford
Gnr. L. W. Dippell

CROIX DE CHEVALIER.

Major G. A. Cline.

MENTIONED IN DESPATCHES.

Major T. W. MacDowell.
Capt. J. S. Wear (ob.)
Lieut. J. B. Allen.
Sec. Lt. Colin Simpson.
Lieut. J. S. Reid.
Major L. W. Moffit.

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Learning and Living

Professor J. S. Brett.

MANY people write or talk about the problems of education; they describe these problems as pedagogical, psychological, urban, rural, present, future, speculative and practical; but all the problems and all their classes seem to be fundamentally one—the problem of uniting satisfactorily the two processes of learning and living.

The atmosphere of an educational problem always seems peculiarly and incurably smoky. The scholastic arena is not to be compared with the law-courts in respect of the dust that is raised, for the turmoil is not a personal conflict but a genuine search for the lost pearl. Somewhere in the course of development the naive simplicity of education vanished: self-conscious effort took its place, but in spite of every known effort to retain the splendid qualities of the ancient manner there was slow degradation and decay. It is the search for that lost ideal which stands out so clearly as the one absorbing interest of all who think and write to-day about problems of education. They may speak about utility, or vocational training, or learning-for-its-own-sake; but every phrase is now worn too thin to serve as a disguise.

What then is that ideal? It cannot be expressed in a phrase or handed out to all applicants in a formula: it may even be altogether inconceivable and so baffle effective thinking by appearing only as a dream, offering itself to us only in moments of exaltation. Yet the word "ideal" is not here used in any vague or sentimental manner: it is used rather in the scientific sense of a point to which things can and must approximate by the laws of their own inherent movement. We can know here and now the direction in which it lies though its actual situation is "at infinity." Also it is by patient research and analyzing that we can know the direction in question, by historical research and by such analysis of the present

conditions as will show where they are like or unlike the historical types. If this seems a long preamble, the reader must bear in mind the complexity of the subject and follow the argument sympathetically.

In the earliest times learning and living were one continuous process. In the primitive tribal life the young were left to develop themselves in play until their powers were of use to the community: then they were set to the tasks which the family and the tribe performed as the routine of its existence. There seemed to be no rift between the means and the end, no anxious searchings for a vocation, no dread forebodings that this or that acquisition might become a costly burden and in after years serve only to embitter the struggle of life by the haunting memory of useless knowledge. If we turn over a few thousand pages in the history of social evolution we come to another chapter, much less ancient but still far enough removed from our days. Here we learn how the primitive society was divided into classes, rich and poor, ruler and ruled, learned professions and technical callings. But the problem is not yet in sight, for custom holds its sway and each class remains rigid in its structure. The example of India rises naturally to the mind: but many other examples might be quoted, for the more learned will recognize that this is a description of caste or of what has been called the age of status. No dazzling horizons opened out to the youthful mind in those days: the son of the cobbler went into the shop and learned to cobble; the instinct of workmanship was a family trait, if not strictly hereditary yet certainly fostered by opportunity and early training so as to be a second nature. The differences of the castes like those of the guilds, were not degrees of honor: all were esteemed in their own way, excepting only the "unskilled labor" of those who were either slaves or held to be unfit for ordinary social relations.

The last phase is the period when the problems emerge. Here the characteristic feature is the distruction of the rigid lines which marked the system of caste or the age of status. As every one now realizes, this transition was not an acquisition of liberty without alloy, nor was it the end of all social evils. But since this is not the place to criticize the work of the imagination in the standard histories, we must be brave and use the words "freedom,"

"self-realisation" and "dignity of labor" as though they were correct names for our present state of blessedness. Taken together they represent a significant triad of objects: for in practice freedom has come to mean disregard of obligation, self-realisation has been converted into uncivilized competition, and the dignity of labor has been graciously presented as a compensation to those who cannot amass enough wealth to avoid it. If this sentiment seems harsh, let it be judged by the standard of our subject. For beyond any doubt the educator and the educated are to-day driven irresistibly along one road: the master must advise and the pupil must choose that particular line of work which shall from the first provide solid material results and in the end be measured in terms of material prosperity.

The same thing can be stated in another way. Every person concerned with education must face the question of its utility. For we deal with forces, not fancies. One of those forces is the average person who announces that his prosperity was acquired without education, and in fact was largely due to a shrewd avoidance of knowledge. Another force, and equally a menace, is the failure in life who wishes that he had been blessed with more opportunities, among them education. This is a subtle menace, for it teaches the young to look on education as a pure commercial investment, not materially different from a mining stock; as that view breeds illusion, the end is discontent. These are the views of utility which must be avoided. But there is another sense in which education and utility neither are nor ought to be separated. The utility of an education consists in its being an equipment for the full use and enjoyment of life. The utility of the eye is sight; of the ear, hearing. Nature does not complete those powers because man does not limit himself to the natural: he must see and hear not only sights and sounds but also *meanings*, that inner significance which comes out of social relations and must be known through community of mind. In giving the individual this additional power of understanding education shows its utility. Teachers are all inclined to think their own subjects very indispensable, but any subject may in fact be useless for a given individual and there may be some individuals for whom all education above the level of manual training is useless. This ought to be frankly acknowledged: it would help rather

than hinder the cause of true education. Huxley somewhere comments on the surprise of a man who observed that the wicked flourished like the green bay tree; he remarks that with proper nourishment that result was to be expected! The problem of utility leads to the same thing. For if a man does not know that electricity can harm, he suffers physical damage and regards instruction in the dangers of electricity as highly useful. But ideas act very differently: it is possible to live with wrong ideas and flourish on them; and it is useless to talk as if all heretics must sooner or later come automatically to a bad end. In plain language, as we all know, the utility of education is first disputed in reference to literature, to poetry, to art, to philosophy, to decaying theories or dead languages. The detail is irrelevant; the main point is clear. In all these cases it does not matter whether one is right or wrong: an error in theory is not mortal and one can swallow inaccuracies without the effects that follow prussic acid. How many students can look back on culpable errors in these things of the mind with anything analogous to pain? And yet these things are for that very reason the true touchstone of education: for the power to feel the significance of things that are not immediate, to foresee the slow working of ideas that leaven civilization, to value accuracy, which is truth, as quickening and indifference as mortifying—this is what the evolution of the mind and its powers mean for humanity. If this moral quality of education is not the essence of its utility, then the history of mankind is a delusion. If we are not prepared to accept such unlimited pessimism, we must admit that education has a two-fold utility; it sustains the mind at the level of truth (whatever the particular "department" or subject) and the individual at the level of human achievement. But this latter point raises a practical difficulty.

All education, in origin, aim and method is social. That we are told often enough, and nothing is to be gained by disputing its real truth. What gives most anxiety to the reflective mind is the question whether social value and utility are the same thing. The complaints which are daily heard about the "narrowness of specialisation" bring upon education an undeserved censure. There never has been, and we trust there never will be, a time when excellence is a disgrace: and a specialist is neither more nor less

than one who excels in his art. What really serves to create and sustain the "narrowness" in question is partly an unavoidable phase of present development, partly a kind of social dissolution. The first of these must be frankly acknowledged by every educational reformer. It is the simple fact that economic conditions place many of the younger generation in reach of a higher educational level than that of their parents. As a result there is a disparity between what is learned in the classroom and what is demanded in the normal social intercourse. Consequently the levels of thought represented in good literature and qualified to be genuine inspirations in daily life, tend to become abstract objects, nothing but parts of a curriculum, analogous to a dead language which no one speaks and hardly anyone intends to read.

As a mere fact this can only be recorded: it seems inevitable as a phase of progress and must be taken into account by all who study scientifically the influences which control development. Clearly the solution of this problem is to be found in the gradual rise of a general level. But can we expect the level to rise? That question goes back to the second point in the analysis, the social dissolution. It was said by a writer in the eighteenth century that no one doubted the existence of God until the Boyle lecturers undertook to prove it. No one would, perhaps, have doubted the unity of society if so many people had not undertaken to prove it. The fact is that the proof became necessary when the truth ceased to be obvious. And beyond any doubt that truth did cease to be obvious just when the talking about it became fashionable. The point is perhaps a little subtle, but we know that when people encourage each other to be cheerful they are usually at the stage where cheerfulness is either impossible or an effort: and when we find it necessary to preach social unity we are in fact beginning to realize its decay. To judge so great a matter is difficult and no one can do more than speak for himself. It is enough perhaps to recommend for consideration the question whether the notion of success is not actually the root of the trouble. We can give success a meaning that is clear to the commonest intellect: if a man is said to succeed in life, we understand the remark without need of commentary. For the individual, success is a justification: it seems clear that the best way to promote the peace of the world is to

promote the good of that part which is yourself: if everyone does the same, where can there be trouble? This argument is only sound on one basis—namely, when the principles of success are universal, when they are laws that cannot be perverted or variously construed, when, in short, success is not the criterion, but beyond it lie the values for the sake of which a man says he would not care to succeed at that price. What those highest principles are is a difficult question; but many who could not define them will appreciate the poet's description of a certain type of Roman who could be said "propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."

With some effort and circumlocution I have so far avoided the first personal pronoun, but here I must speak of myself. I was asked to write something about education: for all I know this should have been a valuable space-filling contribution on the Calendar and the Curriculum. I have not gone that way, but I shall not admit that I have been faithless or irrelevant. Unless we get away from those topics, unless we begin with something that is not a measurement of subjects by hours, we shall never deal with them properly. What I have talked about seems to me much more real than those details, and if my remarks seem vague and indecisive I shall not succumb to the criticism, for I have passed the age when I can settle the persistent problems of life at lunch and satisfy myself about the immortality of the soul at dinner. From small, and particularly from smart, opinions on great subjects let us be altogether delivered!

However, in deference to that request mentioned above, I shall be void of offence if I add some corollaries. First, I am glad to be able to say that many recent authorities find one of the great evils of life to be mental inertia. I assent, having suffered from it often and long. I think more attention ought to be paid to modern psychology (though *not* to the usual Teachers' Textbook of faculties!) and more effort made by teachers to realize that thinking is hard work, though acquisition is often easy. Our tongues and other organic appliances are well established agents: most of us can talk in our sleep, and some do it best when cheered but not inebriated; but thinking is a different matter, for it is mentally an exercise of powers acquired late in our evolution and also, I think, essentially creative. That, like some other things, I do not wish to be asked

questions about: it does not matter if thought is really a series of neural explosions, only let us see to it that there are more explosions than usually occur in our systems. When I say that thought is creative, I mean that every educated person has sometime or other experienced a sense of breaking through obstructions to new worlds, of passing through a crisis after which the world is really different in texture and colour and meaning. This, again, is a risky statement to let slip through one's fingers: in practice it usually wins the admiration of a budding poet, a person addicted to automatic verbal associations whose neural explosions reverberate terribly in periodicals. But we must all take risks in a good cause.

Lastly, if we get this idea of creative activity really clear, we shall have no difficulty about subjects or even lectures. Personally I think lectures serve a very good purpose, and if a student will either learn from them or take the trouble to refute in detail all the lectures that excite animosity, the results will repay the effort. Secretly I am assuming (from the habits of my youth) that the student chooses his lectures. It would be a matter of high politics to discuss whether a system worked by departments does not in fact merely copy and sanction the idea that when a man goes out into the world he should be able to prove that he belongs to a certain caste, that he is e.g. undiluted Arts or unadulterated Science. As everybody knows, the department system and the free election system can both be advocated: in the University of Toronto a mixed ideal seems to be represented by the mixture of general with special course subjects; the point is ultimately one of administration, but the most effective principles are undoubtedly to let the student attempt less, choose more, realize the responsibility of choice, and feel that no effort is too great and no delay too long if in the end some one thing is understood and henceforth will have meaning—for ever.

For Valor

To sail life's inland lakes with flowing ease,
Before the gentle airs of summer's heaven,
To enter port before the tempest falls,
To leave it when its frown has passed, and smiles
Light up the crystal vault; to run the voyage
With steady keel along a charted course,
By day the faithful sun, and in the night
The beacon-fires of moon and firmament;
To make the journey like the rivulet,
That issuing from the mountain's silver springs,
Takes on the gladdening energy of morn,
Calls to its mates, the nurslings of the hills,
To celebrate with confluent harmonies
The April festival of life, then leads
The sinuous race throughout the summer's noon
Tasting the winged leap of waterfall,
The rainbow wine of mist and beaded foam,
Then over wide-spread plains with slumberous motion
Gliding, through valleys laden with the haunts
Of men, until in fulness of its days,
Rich with the tribute of a thousand streams,
It feels the hand of the October sun,
In lambent reach beyond the crimson West,
Putting the scarf of purple on its tides,
And moves in peace towards the eternal sea.
Thus to complete life's course, its fluent curves
Throb with its symphonies, its concert tones
Unmarred by fret of discord and rent strings;
To make the end the achievement of the promise,
To go from strength to strength, and of old age
To take painless inheritance: Indeed
This is to enter into others' labors,

Receive from the great Father's gracious hands
His double bounty, his fourscore of years,
To taste his wine without the bitter lees.

To sail with thrice-reefed canvas, chartless gulfs,
When stars have left their spheres, and the moon's rays
Are swallowed up i' the void; when chaos broods,
When rising seas have swept away the stanchions,
When spars and bulwarks crash, and in the night
Hoarse voices tell the mariner at the wheel
His barque will never reach its haven; then,
To brace the heart's great sinews for the plunge;—

To stand beneath black clouds that overcharged
With their dread-slaying bolts reck neither place
Nor time to strike, and with uplifted head
Bared in the pride of honor's rectitude,
To scorn the unleashed wraths of shaft and flood:—

To fight rearguard: To brave the first fierce shock,
When truth and faith are reeling neath the blows,
When freedom, virtue, God's Invisibles,
Which, fondly, did we boast, could never fail,
Whence, in the architecture of our dreams,
Arose the fashioned strongholds of our race.

The marble synthesis of all our struggles,
Gains and loss, the net balance of our smiles
Struck with our tears, the veined residuaries
Of strife 'twixt hope and ever-seething doubt,
The lifted highways of the world's advance,
Its peaks of conquest, and its glories won
Through sorrows cancelled by the importunate price
Of blood, and all the marshalled monuments
Of Love's emblazoned feet since Calvary,
When these are straining neath the urged assaults
Of Time's fell battery, when ideals of life
In age august, in origin divine,

Slip from their lofty station in the world,
Then still to face the foeman's murderous might,
Shake off his deadly, overweening clutch,
Repulse his war-plumed gods, his scabbard faith,
And with the certitude of death at hand
Cover the vanguard of retreat, make safe
The fold, and then outside the bolted gates,
With the last comrade fallen in his pain,
To share the triumph of his fall, to wrest
Success from failure, and to find one's soul
Emerging from the clod, redeemed:—

This, This!
Is to bring forth refinéd gold, nay more.
Create a metal rarer than the gold,
Disdain the laggard fires of those tests
By which stern nature in her chastening moods
Evolves her favored ones, surpassing these,
To star a gem of nobler alchemy,
The birth-stamp of the human spirit,—This
Is to outstrip the angel, put on God,
Stand in His presence, share His name's great might,
Be heir of His estate, glean from His mind
The Stature of His plans, of His vast love,
Its depths unplumbed, its length, its breadth, its height,
The compass-round of its infinity,
To take assuréd title; yea, to be
The co-artificer of His creation,
This, under His clouds, is to prove the faith
That dwells alone in human majesty.

E. J. Pratt.

A Letter from Brig.-Gen. V. W. Odlum

France, 23, 8, 17.

IF I were a free lance I could (and would) comply with your request for an article for Acta like a shot (or, in these very modern days, should I not say a "bomb"?). But I am not a free lance. Like poor old Gulliver I am tied, hand and foot—or pencil and tongue—with regulations much stronger than Lilliputian bands.

And yet I would like to meet you more than half way—for I consider that, in writing me as you have done, you have conferred a very distinct honor upon me. I look *up* to Acta—for Acta was once one of the big things in my life. It was a most stupendous time for me when, in the spring of 1902, I was elected manager of the college journal after a thrilling contest with D. A. Walker. I rather imagined at the time that all Canada was looking on and taking a keen interest in the affair.

But along with pride in my new dignity ran sympathy for Walker. I couldn't bear to have his feelings hurt. So off I went to South Africa—and he took over Acta. Thus we were both satisfied. I won the election, and he managed the journal.

Now you see why, as a near-ex-manager of Acta, I receive your request with pleasure. I don't think that in writing you were cheeky at all. If you were, all I can say is that I like your cheek.

If I could have my way, I'd put an end to this war and come back to Victoria to place my services at the disposal of the Freshmen for the coming fall. With the experience I have gained here, I think I could be instrumental in helping to give the Sophs an interesting time. And I'd take on the task with a relish.

But this isn't getting on with my story, is it? I began by telling you that I couldn't write—and here I am writing, without saying anything. That's a trick of the trade—learned alike by journalists and politicians.

Seriously, I may tell you that the situation here is good. It

is the exact reverse of what it was a year ago. Then the enemy dominated us on the western front—to-day we dominate him. Whenever we make a direct and determined effort, we bend him to our will; but the bend as yet is only a slight one. His resistance is still stubborn and vigorous. The recent fighting about Lens is the hardest the Canadians have ever had—for the Hun has stood up to fight as he never did before. It is true that his general morale is going down, and noticeably so. But there are still some German units of very high courage—and the best of these have been defending Lens.

The struggle is a fierce one—and, as it must be in all struggles, the drain on available man power is great. Canada has done fairly well so far, but she must do much more if she is to keep up her end. In my opinion, she has not yet done her fair share as far as troops in the field are concerned. She has supplied many specialists—and specialists are undoubtedly necessary, but on them there is little of the wear and tear of the war. It is the infantry that has to stand the brunt—and unless the infantry units are kept supplied with men any other efforts made will be futile. Forestry battalions, for example, are required to supply the infantry with trench materials, but the forestry units will be a joke unless the infantry are there to need the supplies. Infantry, Artillerymen, Engineers, Aviators—these are always needed and badly needed. And it is Canada's first duty to see that the existing formations of the first three branches are kept up to strength, and that a formation of the fourth is brought into being. Canada to-day is supplying a very high percentage of the aviators for the British Army, but Canada has not a single flying squadron of her own.

One of the remarkable features of the situation is the cheery confidence with which the British Army faces its task. This confidence is visible everywhere. It is a fair indication of what is coming. The cheer of the Briton and the gloom of the Hun reflect the respective mental attitudes of the two armies—and these mental attitudes spring from a conscious knowledge of the real situation.

Everyone is looking forward to the time when the United States troops will take over their duties in the line. We are glad they are in France, for we know they will do well. They will not prove supermen—there are no such things to-day. But they will

be good troops—full of initiative and energy. Of course, too, they will be human; and they will have their shell shocks, and trench feet, and trench fever just like the rest. Still they will measure up well in the average, and by this time next year, if the fight goes on, the British and American troops will be carrying practically the entire load in the main theatre of war.

I have met quite a number of Victoria men out here—outstanding among them being Hon. Capt. J.H. Wallace, the head of the Y.M.C.A. organization in the Canadian Corps, and Major L. Moffitt, Senior Chaplain of one of the divisions. I saw Capt. Ed. Burwash in London one day, wearing the badges of the Chaplain service. Lt. E. H. Jolliffe is a "gas" expert. And "Bob" Pearson is somewhere around.

As far as the Corps itself is concerned the outstanding event of the year has been the change in the Command. A Canadian soldier, Lt.-Genl. Sir A. W. Currie, is now at its head, and he has the confidence of all ranks. Commanded by a Canadian, gradually becoming staffed by Canadians, and covered by Canadian guns, the Canadian Corps is to-day a very highly efficient military machine. Perhaps the most significent comment I could give would be to repeat a remark made a few days ago by the senior staff officer of a neighboring British Division: "We always knew you could fight, but we used to think you were weak in discipline. Now we think your discipline is even better than our own."

Lastly, an Irish Canadian myself, I want to pay a tribute to what the Englishmen have done. You read glowing accounts of the Irish divisions, the Overseas Corps, and the kilted Scotchmen. But all these put together make up only a very small proportion of the whole. It is the Englishman who is quietly bearing the burden, and he is doing it gloriously. I have a greater respect for him to-day than I ever had before. . . . There, how will that do? I know it isn't what you wanted. But it is, at least, an indication that I *want* to please you, and that I delight in memories of my old Victoria days.

War Time Experiences in England

Miss Hawksworth, of Liverpool, England, was with the girls at Winona this summer. She and a friend with similar nomadic tendencies, are gradually making their way around the world. This year, they have reached Canada, where they intend to teach in Montreal during the winter. In the Spring, they will go on to Japan. Needless to say, Miss Hawksworth has many very interesting stories of her experiences. This is not the least interesting.

DURING the first two years of the war I lived in an old Roman town called Newark. This town, through which the great Northern Railway from London to Edinburgh passes, is on the River Trent, on the border of Nottinghamshire and Lincolnshire, and is twenty odd miles from the East coast. At this particular part of the English coast line it is almost impossible to place large anti-aircraft guns, because the shore is so sandy, and the only resistance to hostile aircraft is the rifle. The Germans soon discovered this and almost every night in the winter of 1915-1916 some Zeppelins entered England at the Lincolnshire coast line, passed through Newark, following either the Great Northern Railway or the River Trent seeking larger or more important places. The Zeppelins seldom found the places they sought, and, on their return flight dropped their remaining bombs on any town they passed. Newark came in for a good many of these.

It had been arranged that as soon as a Zeppelin was sighted the news should be sent to all the towns in the immediate neighborhood, and in these towns alarms should be sounded and all lights, even cigarettes and cigars in the street, put out, and people who were out to go indoors, and people who were in bed were to dress and go downstairs and remain there till the safety call was heard. In Newark the alarm was sounded every day at 1 p.m. to get the inhabitants used to the sound, and even at that time of day children who happened to be playing outside ran in crying with terror, so awesome was the scream of the siren. It can easily be imagined

that when this happened in the middle of the night we felt something like Scrooge did when he heard Marley's ghost ascending the stairs.

One night in October, 1915, I was in a picture house and was witnessing the final happy reunion of the heroine and her lover when the picture was suddenly taken off and some writing shown—for one second the audience sat idly reading, then silently and with one accord the people rose and filed out. The message on the screen was: "Will the people leave their seats quietly and in order; there is no immediate danger." When we got outside some of us flashed our little torches so that we could see the steps, and we were sternly ordered to put out the lights on penalty of death—of course we meekly put out our lights. At that moment we looked up, attracted by a noise like the sound of a traction engine, and we saw five Zeppelins overhead, flying very high; they looked like huge cigars. On this occasion the Zeppelins were so near when they were discovered that no alarms were sounded and many people slept through the night unconscious of the danger. One deaf old man was wakened by the noise of crying children next door to him, and he lit a candle and threw up the window and demanded in loud tones: "What's the matter?" It was with the greatest difficulty that the special constable made him understand that he must put out the light and wake his wife and go downstairs.

We had many visits of this kind before we heard a bomb, and people got more and more daring, and after the alarm had been given, in spite of orders, instead of going in if they were out, they would dress and go out if they were in. I have seen Zeppelins high and black, low and frightful, high and like silver pencils with search lights playing on them, and I have seen them drop star shells to find out where they were and steer straight for the Trent.

In the dead hours of one moonless January night, 1916, I heard a muffled alarm. By the muffled sound I knew the machines were near, so I sleaped out of bed and threw on my dressing gown and ran to waken my aunt and uncle with whom I lived while I taught in Newark. Before I reached their bed the bombs began to drop, the windows and doors rattled and the plates on the shelves were broken. Some of the bombs made holes big enough to bury houses. The next day several people came on the early train from the town

of Nottingham—about 20 miles away—to see Newark in ruins. When they simply saw a few smashed windows here and there they were too disgusted to even walk four miles from the centre of the town to see the holes the bombs had made. There was not even a cow killed in this raid, but in the next, an old man and his wife, who evidently did not hear the alarm, were killed in bed and their house very much broken up.

After this the raids were more frequent. The last two weeks of February, 1916, we had a raid every night—they did not even wait for moonless nights now. One day in March they arrived on the coast where the Liverpool 6th Rifles were stationed, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. One of the young privates was sent on a motor-bicycle with orders to the stations; among other things he had to see that double guards were placed. The Zeppelin saw the boy leave the officer, and followed him, flying very low, so low in fact that the boy could hear the orders in the Zeppelin for the changes in the course. Every time the boy stopped the Zeppelin stopped over him and the poor youth was terrified, but he went on and, after having carried out all the orders, reached headquarters in safety. Soon afterwards bombs dropped thick and fast, but not a single soldier was killed. Considering the Zeppelin had seen all the important positions by following the youth, this raid was a decided failure. Very soon the boy was sent to an O.T.C., Liverpool—he is now in the firing line in France and I hope he will always be as successful as he was on that day, and that he will come through as safely.

It began to dawn on the inhabitants of Newark that the Germans had designs on their munition works which were about three miles out of the town, so one night some men lighted a large fire in a very big field and that night the Zeppelins dropped bombs on this field—perhaps they thought they had found the works—who knows! !

After March the visits were less frequent, and during June there was not one. By the end of June we had settled down to our old contented state and spoke of the raids as things of the past. Mother came to stay with me in July, and the first night we went to bed in a very peaceful frame of mind, happy that she had chosen this eventful time to come. At 1.30 mother and I were a-

wakened by a most terrible noise; we jumped up, but were thrown off our feet by the concussion of the bombs. I was very surprised and said: "Mother, it's the Zeppelins." She replied that it must be something of that sort. Mother had had no experiences of this kind before and her eyes grew big—she was frightened and curious at once. We had two raids after that in July, but, though the bombs were dropped very near the houses, not one person in Newark was killed or injured. During this last raid, a little girl sat up in bed and wanted to know if it were the end of the world, and if it would be better to get dressed to meet God.

When I went home to Liverpool for holidays the peaceful nights were a real joy to me. All the towns in England have been in darkness since the war; the lights of Quebec, which I first saw in September, 1916, were the first town lights I had seen for two years, and I look forward to the time when England will be as free from the Zeppelin menace as Canada is to-day.

LILY B. HAWKSWORTH.

National Types.

Where do you come from, laundry-man?
"Me a Chinee in 'Melican lan' "
Al from the Yang-Tse-Kiang!
'Spose you's heard of Li-Hung-Chang?
Ever read about Kublai Khan?
Wasn't much like a laundry-man.
Heavens! Confucius, how it hurts!
Here's your descendant washing shirts.

Where do you come from, rag-picker man?
"Mein vaters vas com from de Holy Land."
What! You from the shores of Palestine?
You from Father Abram's line?
Guess you know how Goliath ran?
David wasn't a rag-picker man!
Ghost of Solomon! How it groans!
Here's his descendant buying bones!

Where do you come from, shoe-shine man?
"Vera long way from 'Gricco lan'."
No? You from the plains of Marathon?
Mightly good fight Miltiades won!
Spartan daring the Persian van.
Little bit different from shoe-shine man!
'Nough to make Plato reason lose!
Here's his descendant shining shoes!

Where do you come from, peanut man?
"No spik Ingles, Spik Italian."
Thunder and lightning! You from Rome?
Pompey and Brutus' and Caesar's home

Why weren't you born in Hindustan?
You've only turned out a peanut man.
Shades of Cicero, how it cuts!
Here's your descendant roasting nuts!

Where do you go to, Englishman?
Better keep busy while you can.
Yankee land and Emperor Bill!
Might have to swallow a bitter pill.
Can't be sure of little Japan.
I'd keep watching, Englishman.
Shakespeare's laughing, hand on hips,
Here's his descendant building ships!

H.

THE NEW WOMEN'S STUDENT UNION.

"NO CLASSIFIED SPECIES BUT JOLLY GOOD SPORTS."

On Fruit Picking

MISS J. SACKETT, '18.

ALTHOUGH we grumbled to each other, that Sunday afternoon after Miss Harvey's talk, and although we all felt very sorry for ourselves at being called upon to disarrange our summer's plans, yet, I think, deep in our hearts each of us welcomed this opportunity for National Service. Everything that we had been able to do during the past three years had seemed so trivial, so easy—a little Red Cross work, a few afternoon's help in the tea-room, knitting—all of it necessary, yet at the same time pleasant. We had been living much the same sort of life as before the war, doing much the same sort of thing and wishing, so passionately, that we could do something different—something hard. Then Miss Harvey showed us how this wish might be realized—about the hardest thing we could do during the summer would be

to work on the fruit farms. Instead of going home to spend the holidays as we had spent every other holiday, it meant that we would have only a few weeks at home, that we would do heavy work for ten hours every day and that we would have to live without a great many of the conveniences and luxuries to which we were accustomed. The plan was presented in no optimistic manner nor were any rose-coloured spectacles lent us with which to view the prospect o'er, but the warnings and discouragements merely whetted our zeal. Because this work was so unusual, so utterly unlike anything we had done before, would involve so many discomforts; because, in short, it was the most difficult work, it seemed the easiest. We were told that we were needed on the fruit farms; that our help would be welcome; that this was the best way in which each one of us who was able might "do her bit." When we had received our parents' blessing and had signed our cards, our lot was sealed for us, and we need worry no longer over the futility of our efforts.

For a week fruit-picking was the subject of every conversation, even the approaching examinations lost their terrors and the Seniors, we are told, forgot to wonder just how a scornful world would receive them. All ordinary topics were trifles light as air beside the burning questions as to who were going farming, should we have uniforms, and if so, of what description?

Gradually the first excitement subsided, and with the appearance of certain official-looking and awe-inspiring documents in the Ladies' Study and the Library, matters of such insignificance as Economics and English obtruded themselves upon our attention.

It was, then, "with mingled feelings of regret and pleasure" that we set forth for Winona on the twenty-eighth of May. We had expected to be called earlier, the fifteenth was the date set at first, but the continued cold afforded us a holiday as delightful as it was unexpected. The other camps opened up even later than ours, as work awaited us at the canning factory, and the other hostles were not so blessed.

"We" were not all Vic. girls, among our number were a few from Queen's, for the first three weeks some from St. Hilda's, several high school girls, and a few belonging to no classified species but jolly good sports, for a' that. We had expected that each

college and school would have its own camp, and at first were just a trifle disappointed at being among so many strangers, while some of our own old friends were in other places. But we soon found that while there is no love like the old love, yet girls from, say, Queen's or St. Hilda's, may be very interesting and charming, and we all consider this opportunity of making new friendships one of the very best things of the whole summer.

Another fact which added much to the pleasantness of our life was that we were all on the same level. Even to her uniform, each

"AN EXCEEDINGLY AIRY, PLEASANT OLD HOUSE, RICH IN VERANDAHS AND BALCONIES."

girl was like her neighbor, and there were no class distinctions fixing a formal barrier between freshette and graduate. Consequently, girls who had known each other at Vic., but had never become intimate because they happened to be in different classes, formed very strong friendships at Winona.

We were housed in a former summer hotel—here I expect some of its inmates to mutter—"Yes, very former," in the midst of what is known to the "natives" as Winona Park. It is an exceedingly airy, pleasant old house, rich in verandahs and balconies, and very near the lake, a fact which put much cheer into our lives during the hot weather. It is situated about a mile and a half from the village, which, after much cogitation, we decided was at the cross-roads, where the school, English Church, Royal Bank, and post-office stand. The Grand Trunk time-table states that the population of Winona is six hundred, and far be it from us to dispute such an authority. Doubtless the other three hundred were unable to be present "because of the war." But surely there are no kindlier people anywhere than those of Winona, from the owner of the factory down to the "village idiot"—how many remember him as he appeared the night of the first garden party? I know they were frightfully shocked by us at first, we must have utterly blasted all their preconceived notions of "the college girls," but after the first gasp they gallantly concealed their disapproval of "them awful girls" and in time entirely lost it. Our employers were very patient with us, for we were all entirely ignorant, though we aimed to please. One well-meaning maiden, not entirely lacking in resemblance to the author of this screed, in her zeal to dig up every weed in the flower-bed at which she was working, even dug up the petunias! She will never forget her sensations on being told what she had done, nor her gratitude towards the dear old lady who did not even laugh at her. This is a horrible example, and the only one of the sort reported. The other girls, while unused to farming and gardening, used a little common-sense and avoided such dire blunders.

A great deal might be written about the different kinds of work we did during the summer, but space is limited. Moreover, if we repeated some of the remarks made on the subject during the summer, the censor might not pass them, so we will, with difficulty, refrain. Suffice it to say that for the first three weeks we hulled strawberries, then were turned outdoors and for the rest of the summer weeded onions, carrots and parsnips, hoed, grub-hoed, tied grape-vines, picked cherries, raspberries, black and red currants, peas, beans, cucumbers, tomatoes, peaches and grapes, and raked

hay. Hulling strawberries tends to become monotonous, hoeing is good exercise, but most people prefer tennis, weeding onions was too lowly work for us, and picking cherries too exalted—there were drawbacks in fact to every activity. As one of the girls said, "We no sooner got one set of muscles in good working order than our work is changed and we discover an entirely new set. Do you suppose we shall ever find the end? None of us particularly enjoyed the heat, either, but the last straw was the mosquitoes. To be hot

"THEM AWFUL GIRLS."

and tired and at the top of a cherry tree, hanging on with one's teeth and toes and picking with both hands, than to have a mosquito fleet launched, is no less than aggravating! Citronella helped, of course, but one's friends made such a fuss. "It is the little things in life that most annoy us."

It was very pleasant, too, to be working near the road, on those broiling days, where we could see the constant stream of cars filled with pleasure-seekers, cool and clean and gaily dressed—or to see

on the back page of the "Globe" an "Advance Showing of Fall and Winter Suits," then, on another page, to read that "owing to the extreme heat, the knitting club in X——— will postpone its meetings." Knitting *is* hot work.

But no matter how hot or tired or cross we were, six o'clock always came, and we had our jolly ride home, and our swim in the lake. Then how quickly our backs forgot to ache as we prepared for an evening of unalloyed pleasure. That pleasure was rendered only more keen, of course, by the sight of eight of our companions making sandwiches for the next day's lunches, and eight more washing the dinner dishes. We knew that our turn at each would come every week as regularly as an eight o'clock lecture, "but that's another story." On our lucky evenings we were free to watch the sunsets from the beach, to walk to the "Fresh Meat and Ice-Cream Store," for a cone, or to view the scenery from the cars with which the village swains were so generous. Then back to the Club-House at nine o'clock, and a good night's sleep until the dish-pan was whacked at five-fifteen.

At home once more and looking back upon it all, it is very easy to forget the hardships and discomforts and to remember only the pleasant things, the suppers on the beach, the garden-parties, dancing in the evenings, all the amusing incidents, all the fun and nonsense which is inevitable when fifty girls are together under such unusual conditions. We really had an awfully good time. We worked so hard and so long that we felt justified in amusing ourselves just as we pleased in our free hours, or even during the day if it did not interfere with our work. We were aware, too, that every one in the neighborhood knew us and would make allowance for us. So we shouted and ran and sang, as we should never have dreamed of doing anywhere else. Probably we were not very ladylike, but we had to have some outlet, and we were certainly harmless enough.

We were most fortunate in our house-mother, Miss Hansford. She not only managed the house most efficiently, but became one of ourselves, overlooking our idiosyncrasies and entering into all our fun. We could not have been an easy crowd to live with, and we owe a great deal to her tact and graciousness. During the busiest season the secretarial work was most ably done by Miss Han-

cock, of Havergal-on-the-Hill, who worked in the fields with us as well. We shall never forget how valiantly she would face the "embattled farmers" when they demanded eight girls and were given two! The cooks, too, had a harder row to hoe than any of the "farmerettes," and we never ceased to marvel at their cheeriness and good-nature. Three of them are well-known at Vic, all members of one-ty-seven. Disputing the honors with them was a Queen's girl, who most ably and willingly stepped into the breach in an emergency.

We were told that the work this summer was only an experiment and that if successful it would be repeated on a much larger scale next summer, provided that there is the same necessity. Modesty forbids us to repeat the flattering remarks that were made about our work, this is, all but one, which is a tribute to our dispositions. It was made by the man who had charge of the cherry-picking at one of the largest farms, and was not said to any of us, which makes it all the better, of course. He said that never in his experience had the cherry season been so pleasant as this year. We were such a fine class of girls, did what we were told so cheerfully, and showed such a good spirit among ourselves. "And," he concluded, "I think it must be education that does it." Now who will say that higher education unfits a girl for practical affairs? ("The higher the better, when it comes to cherry-picking." Some flippant one is sure to interject at this point).

From every point of view the experiment was worth while. The farmers were well satisfied with our work, we all improved in health and spirits, and learned more from our farm-work than we did even from our summer history reading. We learned just what it means to work ten hours a day, to time ourselves by a factory whistle; that all sorts of people are interesting; that it is possible to live without a great many things which we had always considered essential; and that the only essentials are good health, good nature, good friends, determination, the knowledge that you are working with all your strength for some true purpose, and the capacity to appreciate all these.

May I beg, in closing, the tolerance of my readers towards those of us who spent the summer on the farm? If you see us racing along Bloor Street in our uniforms, hailing a passing motor and

asking for a ride; if you hear us mutter such cryptic and seemingly irrelevant phrases as "Aw, can't I have two?" or "Cut that out. I ain't that kind of a girl." If you observe these and other irrational acts, appear not to notice us, but pass by on the other side. By gentleness and tact we may be led again into the path of conventionality and rectitude; until then—we ask your patience.

The Book Agent Calls

J. D. Bush, '18.

HOWJEDO, ma'am? I hope you're well. Oh, I've never been well—I've had rheumatism and sciatica and lumbago from a child—but nobody ever heard me complain, though I've had more suffering than most folks. It's a Christian's duty to bear up! "be patient in adversity," as the Bible says. You're a Christian, I hope, ma'am? Won't you buy a Bible? Here are some nice Testaments, three cents, five cents, seven cents, up to a dollar. You have one? Oh, ma'am, one can't have too many Bibles—spare the rod and spoil the child, you know—just look at one, now do.

You don't remember when I was here before, do you? Four months ago it was, come Tuesday. I was up to Mrs. Johnson's in town, an' she says to me, she says: "They's a family just moved into a cottage out on the Point, 'bout a mile from here. P'haps you could sell them one."

"Mrs. Johnson," says I, for the spirit was willin', though it was rainin' somethin' fierce, "it's likely bein' campers, their hearts is set on the things of this world. It's missionary work, an' I'll go," I says, "if I catch my death o' cold by it. An' if I die, Mrs. Johnson, you can put on my tombstone, *She Seen Her Duty and She Done It.*"

So I came out here—'twas more like two miles—through the long grass, soakin' wet an' pitch dark, an' my shoes sousin' at every step. An' I'd hardly set down on your piazzy an' laid down my basket—my arm was nigh broke with the heft of it—when you says, sharp-like: "I don't want to see any Bibles to-night"—after me comin' miles an' wet as I was. "You don't know where you'll be in the mornin', ma'am," I says, "we're here to-day, gone to-morrow, as the Book says."

You was tired with movin'? You may have been, it's not for

me to say—silence is golden, that's the golden rule, ain't it, ma'am? I've kept it from my youth up, an' all the other nine commandments too. Anyway, Mrs. Johnson had jest moved in herself that very day an' she had four children besides.

You haven't any, ma'am? Two? Both boys? Oh, a boy an' a girl. An' how old are they? Nine an' twelve! Law now! don't it beat all? Mrs. Johnson has two, nine and twelve, too—things do turn out funny, as the Bible says.

Well, as I was sayin' when I was interrupted, you wouldn't take a Testament, an' so I had to walk clear out to Mrs. Johnson's again, an' me hackin' worse than whoopin'-cough, an' my back gettin' stiff already. "Well," I says to myself as I splashed home, "I've piped unto you and you've not danced, but *my* duty's done, I'm glad to say,"—fer I can't rest, ma'am, if my conscience ain't clear, though with some people it's different.

"What kind o' reception did you get?" says Mrs. Johnson when I opened the door. "Drippin' wet I am, Mrs. Johnson," I says, "an' it's little else I got. Mrs. Johnson, ma'am," says I, as I wrung out my skirt, "I'll tell you the truth; *I've* nothing to be ashamed of. I didn't get no reception at all, that's what I got. I showed 'em my seven-cent Bibles and my five-cent ones an' my three-cent ones, an' they wouldn't take one," I says, "not one."

"But you can't go out again like that," says Mrs. Johnson. "I'll make up a bed for you for to-night."

"The Lord'll reward his own, ma'am," I said, "so I'll stay."

Now what d'you think o' that, an' her all tired out with movin'? Quite a difference between the two wimmen, ain't there? An' in the mornin' I gave Mrs. Johnson a Testament to pay her. I never sponge my way, ma'am.

An' you won't take a Bible, ma'am? Well, I don't make no profit on sellin' 'em; I just love the work, that's all. It ain't often I'm turned down,—they's more kind Christian people in the world than you'd think for.

D'you own this cottage? It's a nice place to spend the summer in, if you have the money for it, an' your conscience 'll let you. I couldn't be idle myself that way. "Work for the night is comin,' " as I used to tell my husband when he'd bring home his pay five cents short. He's dead eight years now; I've forgiven

him long ago—it's my duty to, ain't it, ma'am? When I sees my duty afore me, I does it—there ain't many can say as much.

As I was goin' to say, you never can tell by appearances. Oncet I was at a cottage, oh, twice as big as this, an 'furnished as swell as could be, an', d'you know, there wasn't a stick o' furniture or anythin' around it that was paid for, an' the butcher's bill an' the grocer's bill runnin' for two years. A lady, a neighbor of theirs—oh, but she was a good Christian woman! She bought two three-cent Bibles an' one five-cent one, fer her children, an' sweet little dears they were, too, though one had a wart on her finger an' the youngest was cross-eyed—she told me she wished them people well, an' nobody liked 'em better, in some ways, than she did, but there wasn't a person in town that'd trust 'em for a box o' matches. "An' I've heard," she says to me, "that there's two mortgages on the place now, an' the butcher's goin' to sue—though I wouldn't want it spoken of," she says, " 'cause it was told to me confidential."

"You can trust me, ma'am," I says to her, "what's told me confidential couldn't be got out o' me by wild horses."

An' mind you, those people hadn't a Bible in the house, an' they wouldn't buy one. If it hadn't been a poor day, I declare I'd have given 'em one—*Let your light so shine* is my motto, ma'am. "Pride goeth before a fall," I says to myself, when they shut the door on me—a good text's a great help in trouble, ma'am, if your mind's stored with 'em, like mine. So, as I was sayin', you can't tell from the outsides o' houses what the people's like inside 'em.

Would you be so kind as to tell me the time by your gold watch, ma'am? Four o'clock! I must be gettin' on. Well, I'm sure I hope you'll be as happy when I call again, ma'am; though I've known it to happen that people that wouldn't buy a Bible had a death in the fam'ly before the year was out. It seems a judgment o' Providence like, ma'am, don't it? Well, good-day!

On Quinte Bay

The sun was shining wondrous bright,
The sky was clearest blue,
The waves were dancing with delight,
And sparkling gaily, too.

A lively breeze blew o'er the bay,
And flecked the waves with white,
The motion of their rhythmic sway
Made sailing a delight.

Upon the water's billowy breast
Gulls floated idly by,
Their fluttering pinions were at rest,
And hushed their piercing cry.

On either side the shore was green
With trees in verdure clad;
Oh! it was such a beauteous scene
It made my heart feel glad.

Though other shores may be more green
And other lands more gay,
Still lovelier landscapes scarce are seen
Than those on Quinte Bay.

RUTH STRANGWAYS, '18.

Tit-Bits of Winona

THE following are guaranteed to be excerpts from actual letters home, written by Victoria College girls concerning their experiences in National Service in the Winona District this summer. We hope by this means to give our readers a secret, personal insight into both the work and play of our fellow-students in this new departure of student life.

(From a prospective fruit-picker to one already ensconced)—"How does one get from the station to the Club House? Does one walk, ride, fly or swim? What happens *at* the Club House?

"6.15 DRIVE TO THE FACTORY."

Do the butlers, footmen and maids relieve you of all impediments, and you meekly follow in their wake?"

May 30.—"Our programme for to-day was—got up at 5 a.m. —breakfast 5.30—6.15, drive to the factory in a big waggon—7 to 12 a.m., hull strawberries—12 to 1 p.m., eat lunch—1 to 6, hull strawberries—6 to 6.45, drive home—7, dinner—since dinner, tidy room, fetch water, etc. Now, at 9 p.m., we are just ready to

tumble into bed. This, you see, has been a rather strenuous day for a beginning. I made the magnificent sum of 63c. at the hulling; the most made was $1.05. We are promised, however, that the rates will be raised. Anyway, we had good fun to-day.''

June 3.—''We sit in a big shed with stools on each side of a counter, with a crate of berries placed between each two persons, and a pail for each person. In the centre of the counter is a trough into which the hulls are dumped. As the pails are filled

"OUR FINGER NAILS ARE AN AWFUL SIGHT."

men come and get them, and weigh them, and punch off your amounts on tickets. . . . . Of course, our finger nails are an awful sight. There seems no help for it until this job is over. . . . . There is a fore-lady and about six men or boys, who carry and weigh the pails, and clean up the hulls. One of these is a returned soldier, 'Jimmy,' and another E. D. Smith's youngest son. The first day, our backs got awfully tired, sitting so long on our stools, but now most of us don't feel it so much. . . . The berries come from Virginia, and, judging by the latest carload, Virginia has been having rain.

"My room-mate and I are both writing in our room. From the window I can see the lake, where the white-caps are rolling at an awful pitch, and the wind is blowing like mad. I never in my life heard such wind as last night. We had all my bed clothes on the bed, also a blanket and big comforter of my room-mate, and hers and my kimona, and only one window up about a foot. We are on the third floor, where the roofs slant, and the walls are not plastered. The room is large, but, owing to the sloping roof, leaves only room for one double bed, for which we are extremely thankful. There are sixty-six girls in the house at present, stowed away like sardines, five Queen's girls being in one room no larger than ours.

"I haven't seen a hay field since arriving. Everything is orchards, vineyards, berry bushes and vegetables. . . .

" . . The Queen's girls wear their regular munition suits, a sort of overall effect. Everyone else is wearing the middy and bloomer outfit. To-day being Sunday, I am rationally dressed again. . . .

" . . . Three of us have been for a stroll since tea, and found the woods full of violets and wild geraniums. The wind has gone down, and it is much warmer. We have lake, woods and mountain all within walking distance.

" . . . I haven't been inconsolable, but I've had the grace to suffer a couple of fairly sharp attacks of homesickness. However, the longer we stay the more . . . ."

June 12.—"Saturday evening, about thirty or thirty-five of us went into Grimsby to a movie. It takes just about a half-hour by radial. James went along, as a matter of course. James Baysley is one of our floor walkers, the returned soldier. He is just twenty-one; went to the front when he was eighteen. He is one of the nicest boys you would meet in a day's journey. He takes a fatherly interest in us all, and goes along with us quite as though he belonged to the family. He wasn't asked to go with us Saturday night, but when we were waiting for the car he came strolling up, drawing on his gloves, marched into the midst of us, got us all on the car, went to the movie with us, for ice cream afterwards, and got us all safely home. He was most useful, as he definitely discouraged a number of youths, just lately in long

trousers, who were hanging on the outskirts of the crowd, and who have a habit of strolling past the Club House in the evening or hanging over the fence.

"The play was very poor. There was one moment when the picture grew rather thrilling—hero capturing half a dozen thieves —and, at the opportune appearance of the hero, suddenly, without warning, a perfect uproar burst out all through the audience, claps, shouts, shrieks, and the most piercing whistles. We were nearly deafened, and so startled that it took five minutes for our

"PLANTING POTATOES."

hearts to recover their usual beat. Evidently, the people of Grimsby are not used to great excitement.

"On Sunday, I was at the Methodist Church, both morning and evening. In the morning, a man who lives up the road took seven or eight of us in his car. In the evening, there were more of us, and besides his car we had a very unique conveyance. Mr. Miller, the grocer, brought down his delivery truck, a motor, very much like an ambulance, painted black, a sort of cross between an ambulance and a hearse. He put a bench in the centre of it, and it held ten of us.

" . . . The church is a typical country church, with an

old stove on each side of the building, and miles and miles of stove-pipe. We wondered how they got them up. There is a little choir at one side. . . . Over the door is an inscription, 'W. M. Established 1868.' Can you interpret?

"It happened that the Sunday before last they had an Alliance sermon, and the usual little cards followed the address. The usher on our side of the church is our weekly Ford escort, and also one of the E. D. office staff. Having a good idea of the extent of our earning capacity, and the likelihood of our signing, he looked at us, grinned, and passed us by."

June 14.—"Last night I cut up thirteen loaves of bread for sandwiches. This is the daily allowance. . . .

. . . . By the way, Winona is pronounced here with a long "i," and frequently "Winony." . . . It is Mr. Howard Smith for whom we are working now, a first cousin of Prof. De Witt. Prof. De Witt worked on this same farm when he was a boy."

June 24.—"Thursday p.m. and Friday a.m. we were hoeing a vineyard. It was what is called "grub-hoeing," and considered hard work as it was not done at all last year, owing to the scarcity of labor, and, therefore, the weeds are well rooted. We have to get out the weeds which clog the air circulation between the vines. On Friday p.m. he put us planting potatoes, which is much easier. On Saturday a.m. we finished the potatoes, and then commenced hoeing a cornfield. It was the lightest work of all. The field is immense, and will take us a day or so yet to finish. There are about two hundred and seventy plants in each row."

July 1.—"This is our latest ditty, sung on the waggons:

W is for the work we're here to help with,
I is for the income we don't get,
N is for the newness of the notion,
O is for the odd things we have met,
N is for the name we're going to make here,
A is for the art of living on our pay.
Put them all together it's Winona,
The place we all expect to stay."

July 2.—"The flowers about here are simply wonderful now. I have in my room a lovely bunch of yellow roses, gathered by

the road-side, and throughout the house are enormous bunches of peonies, daisies, and the grandest poppies. . . . Most of the farmers mow their lawns and keep nice flower-beds, which makes so much difference to the appearance of a farm-house.

" . . . I came back last night with General McArthur pinned on my coat. He is a big, deep, red rose, and is now reposing on our apology for a dresser, in a tumbler."

July 15.—"We have just been presented with National Service badges, in the shape of a shield, like this:

ONTARIO
N. S.
WORKERS
1917

They are rather nice in case one is stared at on the highway by a passing U.S. touring car, or is called upon to travel on the radial in uniform. The youth across the way has already interpreted the letters as "No Skirts." Other interpretations are "Never Sits," "No Sense," "Negro Slaves," and "Nuff Said."

July 28.—"I don't know why cherry-picking should be especially conducive to rhyming, unless it is that we try to emulate the feathered songsters. One of our labour songs, I think, will best describe our doings for the past two weeks:

Tune "Marching Through Georgia."

"Bring the hooks and ladders, girls, we'll climb another tree.
There's just the merest bit of leaf between grim death and me.
The cherries hang above my head, I crane my neck to see
When—By gum! My ladder takes a shamble.

CHORUS.

"Hurrah, hurrah, I'm higher than I can go,
Oh, Oh! My ladder wiggles so.
But Mr. Millen says it's safe, and shouts up from below,
'Sorry, girls, but higher you must scramble.'"

July 29.—"To-day we were standing in the midst of a sea of Flanders mud to pick peas. It was truly of the 'stick-closer-than-a-government-official-to-his-job' variety. When we became weary of carrying around immense quantities of this real estate on our

pedal extremities, it was refreshing to think that we were not pioneers in the art. For is it not officially recorded that a young officer, when asked after an attack in the Ypres salient if his men had organized their gains, replied: "Can you organize pea soup?" So we know that 'such as we are others have been.' "

August 3.—"The sunsets viewed from the beach at the Club House have been gorgeous. It was surely in the presence of one like we have had to-night that Josh Billings penned those immortal words: 'The sun was goin' to bed, and the hevins for an hour was blushin' at the performance. My entire sole wuz, as it were, in a swet. I wanted to clime. I felt grate. I actually grew.' "

August 4.—"The currants are beauties and the bushes loaded.

" . . . It is rather amusing to think about the girl wanting my German dictionary. It is here in a box under my window. About a month ago I saw it last. I have given up *all* hope of doing *any* studying.

" . . . I should like to read Galsworthy, but unless we get another rainy spell it looks improbable. A couple of days off would be rather welcome. For four or five weeks now we have not missed an hour."

August 5.—"We have been having a busy time this week. On Friday night, we gave another garden party or, rather, a concert. The programme was given on the front verandah, and the audience sat on the lawn. We gave a little play, a movie, called 'Vengeful Veronica, or a Moment's Passion.' The girls just acted, but did not speak at all. Big sheets of paper were held up with the names of the actors and explanations of the scenes. The story was about a girl at the Club House who grew furious at the small pay she received and at the huge board that was charged. She planned to get revenge by hiding the dishpan and spoon with which the cook wakes us up in the morning. Everyone slept in and was late for work. A detective was called in to discover the dish pan. The whole thing was a take-off on the place, and very funny. Then there was some music and a patriotic tableau. It came off very well, and we made about $75 in aid of the Y.W.C.A. camps."

September 6.—"Another new farm this week! We piek and

pack peaches, and pick and sort over plums. . . . Our hired man calls me 'Bee' and I call him 'Bill.' "

September 17.—"On Friday, after the shipping was done, we tidied up the fruit-shed, then brought down baskets from the loft, dusted and piled them, ready for next week. I fancy this humble appointment will be the last new job for those of us who are deprived by the dictates of 'the powers that be' in the University from staying to pick the grapes we have fondled so tenderly during the past few months.

" . . . Please do not expect me to make the leap from barbarism to civilization all at once when I return home. Till I have time for some rehearsals with a real live table cloth and china ware, I shall expect to keep my tin cup and plate. Like the returned soldier who requested his neighbors to shoot at him over the garden fence, by way of relieving the monotony of life, I shall expect to be roused from my slumbers by the stirring strains of the dish-pan gong at 5.30 a.m. 'Twill be music in my ears.

" . . . They all love us so
And they'll all feel lonesome when we have to go,
And forever more the sun will never shine
On you in your brown bloomers and me in mine."

ACTA VICTORIANA

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F. C. JENNINGS, '18 } Literary
MISS J. O. SMITH } Athletics
R. FRID, '18 } Athletics
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EDITORIAL

We Need Your Co-operation

Four quick months have hurried by, the Long Vacation is over, and, once again, for the forty-second time, by the way, a new Acta Staff has the pleasure of taking you into its confidence, and of asking you for your utmost aid during the coming months of our college year. This is no mere customary greeting, but a most earnest request to everybody—to our professors, who have always been most willing to help, to the graduates, to the higher years, to those entering Victoria for the first time, who, having become accustomed to all our peculiarities and traditions by the time this number is circulated, will realise how we all feel in regard to the maintenance of this little magazine. Above all, this year, it is a request to the women, now greatly in the majority at Victoria, to show their enthusiasm, particularly by their subscriptions. Everything considered, this third year of the

war has, so far, been a difficult year for the business managers and editors. Unless you have done work of this nature before, without any great resources, you can scarcely appreciate the amount of varied labour that is represented each month between these eighty or so pages. In these days, there is no Aladdin's lamp to rub, and no genii to convert a college editorial staff's wishes into facts. They have to be realised by co-operation and a little sacrifice. Share this work with us this year. Let us all co-operate whole-heartedly. Let the whole college be an Acta Staff. Help us to please you and everybody else, and make this "*the best year yet.*"

What Can You Do?

You can do what the business manager requests. You can give us your ideas. Take a keen interest in the magazine. Talk about it. Suggest improvements or new departures, new articles, new writers. Send in any of your own work or that of your friends, articles or art. We are very catholic in our tastes. You can, also, appoint yourself a *Personal* and *Locals* editor. We should like to improve both of these columns. Do not wait for us to call on you. Leave your contributions, addressed to the editor-in-chief, at the Victoria Post Office. And remember that Acta goes to press on the twenty-fifth of each month, without fail.

A Word About this Number

We are indebted this month to Professor Brett, of the philosophical department of the University, for a splendid article on the Meaning of Education. He kindly consented to give the first article in a series on the present curriculum and system of education. It is needless to say that Professor Brett is a popular lecturer, and has a reputation as a sane and clear-cut thinker on educational problems.

Brig.-Gen. Odlum, too, has sent an interesting letter from France. But who ever heard of Gen. Odlum being anything but interesting? His famous rugby descriptions in the *Varsity* are still widely remembered, and the *Listening Post,* which he originated and edited when an O.C. in France, is one of the most quoted of trench magazines. Since then, Gen. Odlum seems to have been

demonstrating another side of his captivating versatility, namely, collecting military distinctions, until, soon, it will not be surprising if it takes the whole width of one of our pages to print his name in full. However, ask Prof. Auger whether he thinks that all the distinctions in the world will ever prevent Gen. Odlum from looking on the humorous side of things, or from viewing ordinary—and extraordinary—affairs in a fanciful way.

We have to thank, besides, Dr. Pratt, for his poem, "For Valour," which, we hope, will be the first of many in this year's Acta, and many other friends, whom we all know, who have given freely of their time to make this issue a success.

You will notice changes this month. There is a new cover, for instance; it is an improvement, we think; at any rate, a change. Some will also miss the "Missionary and Religious," the "Scientific," and the "Overseas" articles. To those who are interested in these columns we may say that there is no intention to discontinue them at all. If you have letters from any of the boys at the front, we ask you to send them in.

The Story Competition

There is one more word about the magazine: It has been decided to change the date of the last day for handing in manuscripts for the Short Story contest, announced in the June issue. The same conditions exist, but the last day will be Wednesday, December 12, 1917.

A prize of ten dollars will be given for the best short story.

The conditions are these:

1. Only members of this year's graduating class, and students registered at the College for this academic year, may compete.

2. The story should not exceed 3,500 words (about seven or eight pages of our magazine).

3. All manuscripts must be in our hands by Wednesday, Dec. 12, 1917. Address: Editor-in-Chief, Acta Victoriana, Victoria College, Toronto.

4. We reserve the right to print any of the other stories that are not awarded the prize. A board, consisting of Professor Edgar, Professor Auger, and Augustus Bridle, editor of the *Canadian Courier*, will award the prize.

The New Women's Student Union

For the benefit of the graduates and our readers at the front, a word of explanation may be needed about the Chancellor's reference in his message, regarding the *New Women's Student Union*. During the vacation, it was inaugurated in South Hall, the former auxiliary of Annesley Hall. It is a splendid departure in our college life, modelled after the example of several English and American Universities. South Hall will be a centre for all the women, graduates and undergraduates, of Victoria College. Three meals will be served there daily. There are rooms for committee meetings, Bible study, and clubs, common rooms, a library, and two bedrooms for graduates that may be visiting the city. The building is well furnished in every way, and, under the direction of Miss Skinner, B.A., 1898, will fill a long-felt need.

Winona

Somebody has sent in an envelope full of newspaper clippings about the Winona Adventure. They sort into two piles; ten in the first, one in the other; ten enthusiasts, with one inquirer, O world!

The *Grimsby Independent* is the most eloquent and representative of the ten in its praises. At first, it says, it scoffed at the idea of college women working on the farms, but now!—"for *once* in its great and varied career *The People's Paper* was in error." "What he saw," the *Independent's* reporter went on, in glowing terms, "made his heart swell up with pride for the girls who had proved themselves to be made of the right stuff." And so, in big headlines, the *Independent* printed: "College Girls Make Good as Fruit Pickers: They Saved the Situation: Fruit Growers who Laughed at the Idea of the Co-Eds as Fruit-Pickers Last Spring now Swear by Them: When the History of this Great War is Written a Page Should be Reserved for these Heroic Young Ladies who are so nobly doing Their Bit." Hear! Hear!

But another statement is misleading: "Practically all the girls engaged in this work throughout the district come from well-off families, and there were some of them whose parents were millionaires. They gave their own wages and what they made from garden parties to the Red Cross." Only *Melinda Yonge* of the *Globe* questioned the wages that were given. It depends altogether on

what you mean by well-off. That statement of the *Independent* leaves a wrong impression. Most of the girls needed to make money this summer; instead, they made sacrifices. In other words they did the patriotism, and the fruit-farmers reaped the reward. The *Independent* ought to have mentioned how many farmers in that district were, or nearly, millionaires. Say what you will you have a good deal to explain there.

What is the result?

"How did you make out?" a member of the Acta staff asked one of the girls, meaning financially, of course. "You came out even, didn't you?"

"Oh, no; I am about $15.00 behind."

"Did all the girls lose money by their summer's work?"

"Most of them, I think; one girl I know made $25.00, but she was the exception."

There you have it! One's admiration for our girls is not without reason. We are all quite rich, *well-off,* at Victoria, of course.

Next year, though, others will have to be more patriotic as well, or there will not be the expected five thousand college women in the Niagara peninsula, we imagine. As we heard one girl say, "there may be four thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine."

We regret the absence of two of the members of our staff—J. E. White, '18, and W. L. Keeling, '19, who, since the close of last term have enlisted. Acta has lost good Literary and *Locals* editors.

"But bless our editorial heart, what a long chapter we have been betrayed into."

Personals and Exchanges

The editor of this department would like to request the co-operation of every graduate and undergraduate who may have the interests of their Alma Mater at heart, in the work of compiling during the year a compendium of interesting information about all Victoria's sons and daughters scattered as they are throughout the entire world. Articles and items that will contribute to this end will be gratefully accepted at any time.

We have to thank Dr. Geo. Locke for the following:

W. H. Schofield, '89, Professor of Comparative Literature in Harvard University, was in the city in May, being called by the serious illness of his mother.

Walter Libby, '89, Professor of the History of Science in the Carnegie Institute of Technology, in Pittsburg, has just published a book which has been very favorably received. It is called: "An Introduction to the History of Science." The famous Libby brothers, "Mel" and "Walt," are landmarks in the Victoria "Eighties."

Speaking of this period of Victoria one is reminded of the passing of time when one reads of the success in the Royal Air Service of a son of W. J. Drope, of '89. He is a Ridley boy and doubtless is known as Pedro II.

And that reminds us that the head of the Conservative party in that centre of Conservatism, the City of Toronto, is now J. Russell Starr, '87. We don't know who preceded him, but it can hardly have been as good a man—or as good looking.

Another of the same time is Norman B. Gash, '87, who has just made a report to the Ontario Government as a Special Commissioner to enquire into the education of the blind at the Provincial School for the Blind at Brantford.

W. P. Bull, '93, then known as Billy, but now as Perkins, has appeared in the public press very much of late in connection with a hospital for convalescent Canadian officers in London, which he established and which bears his name.

W. Sandford Evans, formerly with '90, is one of the Dominion Government Commissioners to enquire into the Fish Industry of the Pacific Coast.

IS PROF. OF LATIN.

Leslie Cornelius Cox, of Bowmanville, a B.A. of Victoria College, 1913, who received the degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the

Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, is now appointed assistant professor of Latin at the Hamline University, St. Paul, Minn.

MARRIAGES.

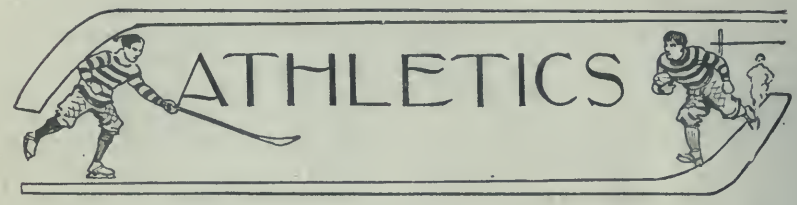
CHESTER—PIERCE — On Tuesday there took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Pierce, Delta, Ontario, a very pretty wedding, when their only daughter, Sara Pierce, B. A., was married to the Rev. E. A. Chester, B.A., B.D. The house was gorgeous with spring flowers and ferns. Miss Maud Singleton presided at the piano. The bride's brother, Sergt. the Rev. Lorne Pierce, M.A., B.D., Ph.D., conducted the ceremony, assisted by the Rev. Barry Pierce, uncle of the bride; Rev. R. Calvert, B.D., and Rev. F. A. Reid. After the wedding breakfast, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Chester left for Rossland, B.C., their future home.

On Wednesday, June 20, 1917, a quiet wedding took place at the home of Mrs. H. P. Chapman, of Ripley, when her only daughter, Florence Ada, was united in marriage to Rev. Edgar J. Roulston. They will reside at Harmony circuit, Stratford.

BUNTON—PINEL — The wedding took place at Danville, Quebec, of Hattie Louise Pinel,M.A.,daughter of Rev. Jos. and Mrs. Pinel, and George Wallace Bunton, B.A., son of Mrs. John W. Bunton, of Port Hope. The ceremony was conducted by the father of the bride, and Miss Jean Baird, M.A., of Parkhill, Ont., played the wedding music. Mr. and Mrs. Bunton left for the Saguenay and eastern points, and later will make their home in Smith's Falls, Ont.

DAVIDGE—STONEHOUSE— The wedding took place at the home of Mrs. J. H. Stonehouse, "Humbermount," Weston, of her youngest daughter, Gertrude, to Rev. Ernest Davidge, B.A., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Davidge, Sykes Ave., Weston. Rev. J. W. Stewart officiated. The bride, was given away by her brothers, and was attended by her little niece, Gwendoline Stonehouse. The wedding march was played by Mr. George Davidge. After the wedding breakfast, Mr. and Mrs. Davidge left for a trip to the Muskoka Lakes, after which they will return to Weston for a short visit before going to their new home at Queenstown, Alberta.

JAMES—WILLIAMS—On July 18th, 1917, at the home of the bride at St. Thomas, by the Rev. Dr. R. I. Warner, M.A., Zella Easter, daughter of Mr. W. G. and the late Mrs. Williams, to Rev. P. E. James, M.A., of Guild.



GIRLS' ATHLETICS.

Although the Fates were very unkind to us in the finals of all the sports last year, we were not in the least downhearted, but rather very much ready to be up and doing. With all the fresh enthusiasm gained through the summer and the new initiative brought in by the "latest thing," Seniors, Juniors, Sophs and Freshies are all alike ready to play the game.

Of those who have spent their summer "doing their bit" on the farm, we expect great things. The others will have little chance against their steady nerve, calm eye, cool judgment, and wonderful muscle! Yet there is lots of room for everyone to join in and help win back lost laurels for Old Vic.

MISS JEAN SMITH.

TENNIS IN OCTOBER.

October is the gala month for tennis. With the return to College in the fall the enthusiasm for this sport reaches its height and the courts become the scene of lively and perpetual motion. We see the result of a summer spent in training in the ideal condition of both players and courts.

The wobbliness of May has disappeared from the strokes and now serves with the speed of whiz-bangs slide over the net while nicely directed cuts and Lawfords make the game a foxy one. Isn't it the finest sensation in the world when, by some trick of fate or a kindly-disposed horse-shoe, we slip a ball down the alley past the shark at net? But the tables turn quickly and how gladly we beat a hasty retreat after the runaway ball when the other fellow has located a mysterious hole in our racket.

Hard, keen, and smooth as a table the courts in themselves are an invitation and a challenge to "play-up." In their state of splendid preparedness they strip campusology for the time being of its charm.

It only takes the genial sunshine and that racy touch of Autumn in the air to make tennis the game "par excellence." As breezy and as full of pep as the weather itself the players drift on and off the courts. The attractions of this Mecca of sport are irresistible—even the vindictive soph. forgets to be nasty when the scene of hostilities is moved in this direction. So even if you don't play the game come out and watch it. There is to be a last hard fight in the tournament, and the home team will welcome all the support and rooting you can give it.

MARJORIE R. MYERS.

Frid (explaining) — "Locals is the column they always read first. It's ten chances to one you'll see my name at the top of it.

Heard in Burwash Hall at the First Meal:

First Soph.—"'Pshaw! This looks like the same old grub."

Second Soph.—"Yes, but this tastes like milk. I wonder what they put in it."

Denizens of North House were startled the other night by a Freshman excitedly calling upstairs: "Hallo! Is there anyone up there who plays Lost Heir?" Of course silence reigned.

Genial "Bill" Coish related the following story to an eager audience:

I had finished writing a difficult *exam.* set by Prof. Michael. Fagged out, I flung myself down to sleep, and dreamed; and behold a ladder set upon the earth, and the top of it reached the skies. And lo! a myriad of the dwellers of the earth were ascending, and many saddened eyes followed their friends up the ladder. Something white and slender was in every trembling hand. "Ah, chalk!" I exclaimed, as I drew nearer, and divined that, all the time, I myself had held a piece. . . I was one of those who thronged the foot of the ladder. "With your chalk you must register your sins," whispered my neighbor, "for every sin a mark, your first mark on the first rung. Straightway, I looked for a way of escape, but, in despair, I was just lifting my foot to the first rung, when a great excitement burst on me from above; climbers were pushed aside by a tall, black-robed individual, descending in haste. As he dashed down upon me, I discerned my examiner. "What, Professor Michael," I said, "You here, too!" "Yes," he offered. "Why, where are you going?" I ventured, and my ears caught his sullen tones, "More chalk!"

Miss S-ch-t, '18 (hulling strawberries).—"We'll have no *holidays* this year. They'll all be *hullin' days.*

Brilliant sophette (gazing over Prospect Point, Niagara).—"Dear me, what a terrible time Wolfe must have had climbing up here."

Miss Giles, '19, (writing a letter).—"I must hurry and get this posted so mother will get it before she answers it."

Miss Mc-t-sh, '16, (in the berry patch).—"Has any one here seen Perce?"

Miss S-ch-t, '18.—"Perce who?"

Miss Mc-t-sh.—"Perspiration."

Winona Riddle:

Why is a vineyard like our lunch box?

Answer.—Because of the sand which is (sandwiches) there.

Miss L. P-r-n, '16.—"There! That's the fiftieth bug I've had on me to-day."

Miss McD-n-ld, '07.—"I always knew you were *beastly* attractive, Lida."

1st Hoer.—"The ground we hoe is fearfully dry."

2nd Hoer.—"It's got nothing on ours. It's so sandy it's dry two days before it rains."

Miss McI-t-sh, '16, (picking red currants).—"These *are* the current events, eh, what?"

Mr. Howard Smith (instructing hoeing).—"You must be sure to get all the weeds out, but be careful not to injure the potato."

Miss L. Wilson, '19, (in still small voice).—"Mr. Smith, will you please show me which is the potato?"

1st berry picker.—"I had an awful fall to-day and was unconscious for two hours."

2nd berry picker.—"Why, where did you fall?"

1st berry picker.—"Asleep, in the berry patch."

Miss R-b-y, '19, (hot evening on the beach).—"Girls, I *move* to *sit* here all night."

But they moved and went home.

Miss T-ck-ll, '18, (waxing eloquent in the currant patch).—"I always loved those lines: 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast.'"

Miss C-ll-ns, '18, (after some time of silence).—"Joe, do you think you'll ever marry a widower?"

Miss R-b-y, '19.—"Hope springs eternal in the human breast."

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November:

1. Inspectors' Reports on Rural Library grants due. (*Not later than 1st November*).
   Inspectors' application for Legislative aid for Free Text Books to Rural Schools. (*Not later than 1st November*).

December:

1. Last day for appointment of School Auditors by Public and Separate School Trustees. (*On or before 1st December*).
   Township Clerk to furnish to the School Inspector information of average assessments, etc., of each School Section. (*On or before 1st December*).
   Legislative grant payable to Trustees of Rural Public and Separate Schools in Districts, second instalment. (*On or before 1st December*).
11. Returning officers named by resolution of Public School Board. (*Before 2nd Wednesday in December*).
    Last day for Public and Separate School Trustees to fix places for nomination of Trustees. (*Before 2nd Wednesday in December*).

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